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## THE PACKET STATION—OPENINGS IN IRELAND FOR THE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL.

(From the Tablet.)

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the widening commerce of the Atlantic, bordered as this ocean is by the untamed luxuriance of South and West Africa, and by the rich isles which yield sugar, spices, coffee, and aromatic substances, as well as by the flourishing cities and crowded marts, full of mercantile activity, which rise along its American coast. Accordingly, the sides of this vast thoroughfare—the coast especially which hemms the European waters of this sea-thoroughfare—should rise at once into unprecedented importance. Ploughed by steam vessels, the Atlantic has already shrunk into a Mediterranean; the opposite margins have, we may say, approximated; and Italy and Egypt were less contiguous in the splendid ages of ancient civilisation than Ireland and America. Every historian knows that a Mediterranean Sea is the true cradle of commerce, and the great nursery of civilised nations. Civilised communities rise up along the shores of a Mediterranean, we might say spontaneously, and energy, traffic, and refinement, are the indigenous fruits of contiguous coasts. For instance, if the Packet Station and the velocity of steam should make it as advantageous to live in Connaught as in Boston, the prosperity of New England might be shared by Connaught, as Grecian refinement was reflected by Massilia. A sailing vessel, shipping in New Orleans a cargo of cotton, will, in the same number of days, equally arrive in Galway or Boston, with this very weighty difference, that owing to the rigorous severity of frosts, Boston is often unapproachably ice-bound, while the Irish harbor is never frozen; and so long as Connaught produces those beautiful marbles, which sell in the city of New York for a dollar the square foot, a ship cannot fail of a return cargo. The famous slabs of Valentia, that without any intermediate bearings constitute entire ceilings and floorings, may be likewise found a saleable cargo in a country like America, where rapidity of architecture is so much prized. Kerry or Galway seems to be the very location for the shipping interest to colonise, as well as for the immediate establishment of all requisites for service of Transatlantic steamers, and assuredly the millions wasted in breaking up our roads would amply serve for the foundation of such establishment. The furthest rim of the European world, belonging to Europe by contiguity, and to America by a six day's voyage, and thus combining the advantages of Continental and American vicinity, Ireland apparently presents to capitalists the most desirable position in these Northern countries. A material which promises to supersede wood in ship building—iron—a metal indispensable to an advanced condition of the arts—abounds in Ireland.

The largest river in the British Isles—the Shannon—originates in beds of iron ore, which are, perhaps, the greatest in the islands of Britain. According to the Report of the Railway Commissioners, this area of iron ore contains also 20,000 acres of coal—equal to 20,000,000 tons of that fuel. Indeed, Ireland presents several coal districts of considerable extent. The bituminous coal of Tyrone exhibits an area of 7,000 acres, while the most extensive development of coal strata in the British Empire—that of Munster—occupies considerable portions of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Galway. On the margin of Lough Allen are found sandstone for hearths, clay for bricks, lime for flax, ore and coal for smelting—the latter is a species of coal, too, which “melts the iron quick and well.” Steel is a carboret of iron. There are few markets susceptible of so much extension as that of steel. The most savage and most civilised require steel, and the ore of Lough Allen may be regarded as the steel of nature. At a cost of £6 6s. per ton, bar iron—an article “as tough as any Spanish iron”—may be evolved with turf fuel from the ore of Lough Allen, and, when fabricated into the balance springs of watches, a ton, costing £6 6s., will sell for £150,000.

In the progress of the magnificent Shannon, an expansion of the kingly stream is designated Lough Ree. Besides Lough Ree, the existence of pure clay has given origin to a local manufacture of tobacco pipes. The wholesale price of these pipes is about one penny per dozen; they are now very rudely formed, owing to imperfect instruments. Now, if suitable tools, and some instructed workmen from Dublin, were to assist those local efforts, the foundation of a great manufacture might be established—for the quality and color of the clay are fully equal to any that is used in the sister kingdom.

In our frequent piles of granitic mountain the snow-white opaque felspar has been often completely decomposed. Such decomposition has abundantly produced a fine powder, which is pure clay. Its color is perfectly white, and it is absolutely infusible.

“The agricultural soil,” says Dr. Kane, “of extensive districts has been produced by the weathering of the granite, and at Kilranelagh, near Baltinglass, Kaolin of fine quality has been obtained.” No person has yet attempted the manufacture of China clay in this country (he continues), although the materials of it appear, from all evidence, to exist abundantly. “Large quantities of potters’ clay have been exported to England from Tipperary, in Ireland, but no use has been ever made at home of the potters’ clay of Tipperary.”

At Howth are extensive deposits of a very excellent clay, which burns nearly quite white. This clay was worked into crucibles by Messrs. Mallett, for the various operations of their extensive foundry. It is found equal to the clay of Stourbridge, and its quality would render it excellent for delf and stoneware.

So prolific are the deep sea fisheries of Ireland, that Connaught was formerly the Newfoundland of Europe. “No doubt,” says Brabazon, “can exist but there will be a demand for all the fish any company can produce, as it appears that the quantity of fish imported into Ireland in 1844 amounted to 127,770 barrels of herrings, and 17,683 cwt. of cod, ling, and hake, the price of which, when profits are added to freights, amounts to £143,637, paid annually by consumers in Ireland.”

The combination of fish and baked clay—the stewing of haddock, plaice, soles, and the manufacture of pottery—if these two simple and ancient arts were taught in the workhouses, these two trades might enable the litteral Irish to furnish food to all the ships in the passenger service, and, by storing fresh fish in air-tight pottery, fill the island with money and content.

The poorhouses of Ireland are every day evolving and developing an industrial legion, and the artistic genius of the Irish youths, who, in their aptitude for aesthetics, have been compared to the Greeks, must be a source of profit, by modifying into shapes of beauty, and rendering more saleable and attractive, every manufactured object of ornament or use, and artistic talent is particularly applicable to plastic substances. Already the embroidered goods and light cotton fabrics of Belfast, rivalling in elegance the Swiss and French, are beating their way out of the Continental markets. The most barren of our Irish provinces produces flax that may be easily elaborated into a brilliant tissue, of which the glossy lustre rivals and even excels, in point of beauty, the rich and splendid silks of Italy and Greece. The linen from Belfast has, in a great measure, superseded that of Germany and France in South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, where, owing to the climate, linen shirting is a necessary of life.

There is no country in the world, perhaps, which uses so much type metal as America. In the county Clare, facing that Republican country in which the market for types is inexhaustible, strange to say the sulphuret of antimony is found. It is remarkable that the two metals are here united by Nature in the same proportions as they are in manufacturing printing types; so that this ore, when smelted, would give a natural type metal. As reading is now the business of the idle and the relaxation of the laborious, the demand for type is an inexhaustible one; and a packet station at Galway, near Clare, would enable us, among other advantages, to communicate with the Republic which employs most type.

Capital may, with considerable profit, be embarked in Irish slate quarries, the southern division of the island presenting a schistose area consisting of nearly 8,000 square miles. In the ornamental department the most gorgeous article hitherto presented by the mind of talent to the hand of traffic is denominated enamelled slate. It is an art which our Poor Law Guardians should communicate to the young paupers, and apply to Valentian slabs. In order to keep pace with the commercial competition of the world, it is requisite to unite the steady industry of England to the beautiful ideality of Irish talent. To these it would be necessary to add the means of communicating with the markets of England and the markets of America in the shortest time which the establishment of a Transatlantic Packet Station on our western coast would secure to the manufacturers who will make the shores of Connaught the scene of their future industry.

## PAGANS AND PROTESTANTS.

(From the Pittsburg Catholic.)

Punch is becoming very popular amongst the leaders of Protestantism, in consequence of his recent attacks upon the Catholic Church. The preachers have pocketed all the insults which he has heaped upon them and their system during the time of its short-lived triumph over the liberties of Englishmen in the matter of Sunday mails and Sunday travelling, and are busily engaged in shaking hands with their new

ally in the crusade against the Church. We have not heard that the sneering profligate professes conversion; he has never retracted or modified the sentiments which he so liberally professed at that time, in reference to the doctrines and characters of “evangelical” preachers; nevertheless, the parsons are, at present, loud in his praise, repay his undisguised contempt by expressions of the warmest esteem and gratitude, and edify the world by the readiness with which they forget his recent insults, and return good for evil according to the gospel precept.

“It is very seldom,” says one of our Presbyterian exchanges, “that Punch is not wise as well as witty.” As a proof of this statement we are referred to a recent number, illustrated by a caricature representing Mr. Punch receiving a visit from an old woman “looking exactly like Cardinal Wiseman,” which is referred to as an evidence of his wit; and enriched by an harangue from Mr. Punch addressed to Toby his dog, which, as it makes no pretensions to wit, is quoted, we suppose, as an irrefragable proof of his wisdom. In this speech, Mr. Punch argues that the Religion of the Pope is an imposture, because there is no rail-road in the Papal States; and because, although the Catholic Church cursed and excommunicated England once, the sun shone on it next day all the same; and the Armada went down; and the Island grew, and continues to grow in Strength, and Truth, and Freedom.” As we never heard it seriously maintained that there is any necessary connection between rail-roads and the true religion, we have nothing to say, at present, to the first part of the argument; and, for what follows, we must remark that we are afraid Mr. Punch owes it to a source which he has been unwilling to acknowledge.

The Prefect Wan, of the interior department of Kia-yig Chian, recently apprehended a French Missionary in the interior of China, threw him into prison, together with a number of Christian converts, and destroyed their place of worship; at the same time he “put forth a proclamation in earnest language, that the hearts of men might be rectified, and that the laws might be held in due respect.” In this proclamation he informs his subjects that “there is in the Western world, a doctrine of the Lord of Heaven, which originated with Jesus; so long as the barbarians propagate or practice this doctrine amongst themselves, there is no occasion,” he says, “to notice it, but it is not permitted them to enter the Inner Land to propagate this doctrine.” He proceeds to argue against the doctrine of the Lord of Heaven; and the similarity of his reasoning and that of Mr. Punch is so striking, that we are disposed, for once, to suspect that wise and witty gentleman of plagiarising from the Pagan prefect; at any rate, if the argument be good in one case, it is good in the other; and may be used as effectually for the support of Paganism in Japan as for the upholding of Protestantism in Great Britain. “Of those that do not believe in the Lord of Heaven,” says Wan, “none can compare to Japan; on a quay in their port is engraven a crucifix, and every merchant who repairs thither, and does not, as he lands, tread on the crucifix, is immediately beheaded as a warning to others; there is, besides this, outside the city gate, an image of Jesus sunk into the ground, so that it may be daily exposed to the insults of being trampled upon; and yet this kingdom has endured two thousand years; why has not the Lord of Heaven visited it with calamity? It follows, accordingly, that the statement regarding the power to confer happiness or misery is utterly without foundation.”

It will be seen that the argument of the Pagan Governor, is precisely the same as that of the Protestant Journalist. They unite in the following declaration. Ourselves and the nations to which we belong, have incurred the malediction of Jesus Christ, if the statements of the Catholic Religion are correct. We have exhausted our ingenuity in heaping insults upon Himself, His Mother, and His followers; no punishment has followed our offence; we therefore conclude that Jesus Christ is impotent to avenge, and that the Religion which He established and which it is said that He promised to protect, is a contemptible imposture. The argument is plausible; and we learn in the Scriptures, that the Devil tempted David by sophistries of a similar nature. The Catholic Religion, however, teaches us that temporal prosperity is not an infallible mark of the approbation of the Almighty; that there is an eternity beyond the grave, in which the good shall be abundantly rewarded, and in which the impious shall no longer boast that they have sinned with impunity. The assertion of this important fact, of which Pagans and Protestants are too apt to lose sight, will serve as a sufficient answer to all arguments against the Christian Religion drawn from the temporal prosperity of the wicked, and the comparative wealth and power of Catholic and Protestant governments. Assume that men have no souls, and Pagans and Protestants have the best of the argument;

grant that Christianity is right in teaching that our life here is but the commencement of an eternal existence, and words are powerless to express the madness of opposition to the Church.

## A PARSON'S CURSE.

(From the same.)

Protestants pretend to be terribly scandalized at the awful but most merciful anathemas of the Catholic Church. St. Paul has said, “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be accursed,” and the Catholic Church continues to denounce the terrors of the Lord against all who refuse to give that evidence of love which He demands—submission to Him, or, what He declares to be the same thing, submission to His Church. But Protestants profess to regard the anathemas of this Church as a proof that she is rather a cruel tyrant than a tender mother, and, either cannot, or will not, see that it is one thing to tell a sinner, or a heretic, that damnation awaits him unless he repent and amend, and quite another to wish he may be finally overtaken by the eternal punishment which he has deserved. They resolve, in short, to look upon the denunciations of the Church as the threats of a tyrant, rather than the warnings of a friend.

To say that certain acts or omissions expose the individuals committing them to eternal punishment, and to express a wish that this punishment may overtake all who are guilty, of particular crimes, are two entirely different things. The first is the statement of a fact, which, if you know it to be true, you are bound in charity to publish; the second, is a deadly sin because it is utterly inconsistent with the love of your neighbor, and consequently with the love of God. The Catholic Church does the first, and heretics affect to be scandalized; it would seem that Protestant ministers may do the second, not only without giving offence, but with material benefit to their popularity, and the warmest approbation of their adherents.

A meeting was recently held for Missionary purposes in one of the Philadelphia meeting houses, and addressed by several of the most influential Protestant parsons; amongst others, by the Rev. John Chambers, whose speech, we are informed by the secular press, “was marked by an incident worthy of the highest record.” At the conclusion of his appeal in behalf of the object of the meeting, (the proposed object of the meeting, by the by, was the spread of the Gospel amongst the heathens,) he gave utterance to the following “burning words,” as the *Pennsylvanian* very appropriately terms them: “May the arm that is first raised to strike a star from our glorious galaxy, or to rend one bright stripe from the flag that waves over our happy country be withered to the socket—and may the tongue that refuses to say amen to this prayer be blasted with the frost of the second death.” A critic might object to the figure—a christian to the sentiment—but the audience appears to have been neither critics nor christians, for we are informed that the curse was responded to by an emphatic amen, “the key note to which was sounded by the inspired lips of the reverend and respected Dr. Durbin.” So, one Parson curses all who refuse to join with him in an imprecation, and his brethren adopt his anathema and sanction it with an emphatic amen. The Arabs could teach these men something. Bulwer tells us that they have a wise proverb, that “Curses are like young chickens, and always come home to roost.” We commend it to the serious consideration of these pious friends of Missions; we believe that the sentiment which it embodies, is taught in the Koran which they propose to supplant.

## AGITATION AND ITS RESULTS.

(From the Catholic Herald.)

The “Papal Aggression” in England, as it is called, falsely in one sense, but rightly in another, has had one good effect—it has turned all eyes to the Catholic Church. Thousands, perhaps we should say millions, who had never before given the subject even a passing thought, have now been led to give their serious consideration to the nature and claims of the ancient faith. Newspapers, which constitute, we may truly say, the text books of this enlightened age—newspapers of every class, creed, form and shape, are crowded, day after day, and week after week, with labored discussions on the all-absorbing topic. We term this a good effect—good for the cause of truth, good for the welfare and happiness of man.

We believe history will bear us out in the assertion, that in almost every instance in which any people have thrown off the old religion, and adopted the new, the change has been effected, not by free inquiry and rational discussion, but by the use of physical arguments, in the shape of confiscation, exile, imprisonment, the axe and the fagot. None will deny that this was the case particularly in England. The old religion was abolished by the mandate of royal tyrants. By the same usurped authority the idol of Protestant-